

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

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PRICE ONE CENT.

THAT TEXAN CATTLE MAN.

[By Joaquin Miller.]

We rode the tawny Texan hills,
A bearded cattle man and I;
Below us laughed the blossomed rills,
Above the dappled clouds blew by.
We talked. The topic? Guess. Why, sir,
Three-fourths of man's whole time he
keeps
To talk, to think, to be of HER;
The other fourth he sleeps.

To learn what he might know of love,
I laughed all constancy to scorn.
"Behold, you happy changeful dove!"
Behold this day, all storm and morn,
Yet now 'tis changed to cloud and sun,
Yea, all things change—the heart, the
head;

Behold on earth there is not one
That changeth not," I said.

He drew a glass, as if to savor
The plain for steers; raised it and sighed.
He craned his neck, this cattle man.
Then drove the cork home and replied:
"For twenty years (forgive these tears)—
For twenty years no word of strife—
I have not known for twenty years
One folly from my wife."

I looked that Texan in the face—
That dark-browed, bearded cattle man.
He pulled his beard; then dropped in place.
A broad right hand, all scarred and tan,
And toyed with something shining there.
From out his holster keen and small,
I was convinced. I did not care
To argue it at all.

But rest I could not. Know I must
The story of my Texan guide;
His dauntless love, enduring trust;
His blessed, immortal bride.
I wondered, marvelled, marvelled much.
Was she of Texan growth? Was she
Of Saxon blood, that boasted such
Eternal constancy?

I could not rest until I knew—
"Now twenty years, my man," said I
"Is a long time." He turned and drew
A pistol forth, also a sigh.
"Tis twenty years or more," said he,
"Nay, nay, my honest man, I vow
I do not doubt that this may be;
But tell, oh! tell me how."

"Twould make a poem true and grand;
All time should note it near and far;
And thy fair, virgin, Texan land
Should stand out like a winter star,
America should heed. And then
The doubtful French beyond the sea—
Twould make them truer, nobler men
To know how this may be."

"It's twenty years or more," urged he.
"Nay, that I know, good guide of mine;
But lend me where this wife may be,
And I a pilgrim at the shrine,
And kneeling as a pilgrim true"—
He, scowling, shouted in my ear:
"I cannot show my wife to you;
She's dead this twenty year."

STAGE COACH AND RAILROAD.

In those good old days—all days are good when old," says Byron—the "Bull" in Aldgate, the "Swan with two Necks" in Ladd Lane, the "Angel" at Islington, and the "White Horse Collar," Piccadilly, were the great coaching houses of London. Merely to hear these names mentioned brings to the old-timer pleasant fancies of traveling by mail through merry roads, with blooming hawthorn and chestnut trees, the larks singing afloat, the village bells and the smith's hammer tinkling in the distance, and the roadside inn with its swinging sign and its snow-white watering-trough, its buxom landlady, and its bustling hostlers. At each of these hotels from 400 to 600 horses were stabled, and their work was confined to within fifty miles of the metropolis. How many coach-horses would be required to-day to accommodate the ingress and egress of the travelers coming to and going from the modern Babylon?

When I was a boy I well remember the transportation of the sea coal from the "bank," as the pit's mouth was called, to the barges on the Tyne by means of steam, but nobody ever dreamt of being carried themselves by such a motive power, and everybody laughed at the Liverpool merchants and bankers who first entertained the idea, and brought into the house of commons the bill for the Liverpool and Manchester railway. Joe Hume, "sum tottle Joe," declared it a preposterous notion that a speed of four miles an hour could be attained, and kept up with a tea-kettle for a horse.

But somehow or other it was impossible to stop the advent of steam. Canal companies and coaching combinations howled about the ruin of vested interests, and while a tram-road at a colliery, or a lift from the Tyne or Wear Side was all very well, the idea of a machine that would either push or pull a load in addition to moving itself was the height of absurdity.

The first time it was actually done, I was not, like John Gilpin, "there to see," but it was about 1820, and the journey was made from Stockton to Darlington, ninety tons being drawn eight miles an hour.

All this time George Stephenson and his son Robert were busy at work, and the "Rocket" was the result, and on the 15th of September, 1830, it and seven other locomotives, built on the same model, were ready at Liverpool for the grand opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway. I was but a young shaver then, but I was there, went all the way from Ramsay, Huntingdonshire, way down in the Isle of Elyfens, with my father, to see the "new-fangled failure," but somehow it did now prove a failure after all, and but for one sad serious accident, was a glorious day an a decided triumph. What a day that was for Liverpool! Every instrument of music in the city, and for 100 miles around, had been got together and were being scraped, blown, beaten, twanged and operated upon at once, to an accompaniment of church bells and booming cannon. Every house-top was crowded flags were flying from every available eminence. Thousands upon thousands of people lined both sides of the road for miles, with expectation to be ripened into wonder and admiration marked upon their faces. And didn't the May-

chester ale flow! Barrels were tapped in the streets, and temperance was nowhere. It was about 11:30 in the forenoon when all was ready, and the "Northumbrian" led the way. There were four carriages to each engine, making eight separate trains, carrying altogether near upon 1,000 people. The road was a double track, but both tracks were employed, the first train monopolizing one, and the other seven following each other on the parallel line. The start was at length made, without any mishap. Away went the first passenger trains ever run in England or elsewhere, down the Sutton incline and over the Sankey viaduct, seventeen miles to Parkhurst, the "Northumbrian," carrying Wellington, Peel, William Huskisson, M. P. for Liverpool, and other notables, accelerating or retarding her speed on the south line to permit her crew to examine any points of interest or see the other trains skim over their way. All went well up to this point, but here occurred that fatal accident which made the opening of the first railroad a day of mingled joy and sorrow—joy for the success of the undertaking, and sorrow for the catastrophe which deprived Liverpool of its newly elected member of parliament, free trade one of its earliest champions, and Great Britain one of her most experienced diplomats and eloquent orators. While the locomotives were taking in water Mr. Huskisson quit his carriage and went to shake hands with the Duke of Wellington. While so doing the Rocket passed on the other line, the M. P. became confused and frightened and in his flurry ran on the track. In vain the engineer tried to stop the engine. It ran over the statesman, breaking both legs and thigh, and otherwise so injuring him that he died the same night, after being carried to the vicarage of Eccles. The journey of the trial trains was made to Manchester, but a gloom which could not be dissipated had been cast over the day, and the triumph of the engineering consummation was saddened by death.

THE VALUE OF TRADES TO BOYS.

Chicago Tribune,

Statistics recently collected at the eastern Pennsylvania penitentiary show that of 780 young men received there under 21 years of age, 755 had no trades. There was plenty of education among them, as 572 were graduates of schools. Such startling figures as these are an unanswerable argument in favor of manual training schools. They show that our public schools are turning out boys who are not prepared for any occupation or any form of manual labor, and that mere book education is no protection to society against crime. These boys, unfitted for any kind of manual work, naturally drift into the easiest occupations they can find, and there is nothing easier than drifting into no occupation, and thence into crime.

THE PUBLIC PRINTER.

BILL Nye in Detroit Free Press.

Very few of the great mass of humanity know who makes the beautiful public document with its plain, black binding, and its wealth of statistics. Few stop to think that hidden away from the great work-a-day world, with eyelids heavy and red, and with finger nails black with antimony, toiling at his case hour after hour, the public printer during the session of congress is setting up the thrilling chapters of The Congressional Record, and between times yanking the Washington press backward and forward, with his suspenders hanging down, as he prints this beautiful seaside library of song.

We are too prone to read that which gives us pleasure without thought of the labor necessary to its creation. We glide gayly through The Congressional Record, pleased with its more attractive features—viz: its ayes and noes—little thinking that Sterling P. Rounds, the public printer, stands in the subdued gaslight with his stick half full, trying to decipher the manuscript of some reticent representative whose speech was yesterday delivered to the janitor as he polished the porcelain cuspide of congress.

This is a day and age of the world when men take that which comes to them and do not stop to investigate the pain and toil it costs. They never inquire into the mystery of manufacture to try to learn the details of its construction. Most of our libraries are replete with books which we have received at the hands of a generous government, and yet we treat these volumes with scorn and contumely. We jeer at the footsore bugologist who had chased the large, green worm from tree to tree, in order that we may be wise. We speak sneeringly of the man who stuffs the woodtick and paints the gaudy wings of the squash bug that we may know how often she orates.

Year after year the entomologist treats the same weary road with his bait-box tied to his waist, wooing to his laboratory the army worm and the sheep-scarab larva in order that we, poor particles on the surface of the great earth, may know how these minute creatures rise, flourish and decay.

Then the public printer throws in his case, rubs his finger and thumb over a lump of alum, takes a chew of tobacco and puts in type these words of wisdom from the lips of gray-bearded savants, that knowledge may be scattered over the broad republic. Patiently he goes on with the click of type, anon in an absorbed way, while we, gay, thoughtless mortals wear out the long summer day at a basket-picnic, with deft fingers selecting the large red ant from our cold

THE BIGGEST LIAR ON LONG ISLAND.

New York World.

He got on the front platform of a car going to the cemetery. Under his left arm he held a paper box of flowers, and in his mouth was stuck a nickel-plated pipe, from which, ever and anon, fumes of tobacco smoke stole in through the open door, gyrating under the nose of a passenger in black, causing him to beat the air with his hand, as if driving off Jersey mosquitoes.

The conductor, after treading on a policeman's corn and tripping over several wreaths, reached the front platform. "Say, you there! Put that pipe out, or I'll ate ye!"

The man struck the bowl of the pipe against the dash-board, sending the sparks over the hands of the driver.

"Conductor, you oughtn't talk to a man like that when he's buried in sorrow. No, sir, you oughtn't"; and he came into the car and crowded himself in a seat between a middle-aged man and a thin woman.

"I'm going to the cemetery with these flowers," he remarked to the middle-aged man. "I have three wives out there; every year I make this journey. This rose I raised in the flower-pot that Rebecca used to fire around when she was here on earth, poor soul. She was as good a woman as ever wore a corset. Very fond of flowers, too. Co-t me more for her bonnets than the other two put together. She just wore a hangin' garden of Babylon on every bonnet she wore, Rebecca did. This flower they call a camelot."

"A camellia," spoke the middle-aged passenger, feeling that he ought to say something.

"It's for the grave of my third wife. She read a book called 'Camille,' and seen the play lots of times. She coughed herself into a consumption. Her stronghold was in imitatatin' the heroine in all the books she read. Every day I'd come home she'd have a new name for what she got out of a novel. She could write poetry, but I don't think that brung on the consumption, though."

"She was your last?"

"You bet I'm not in the market any more. Retired from the marrying business, so to speak. She read all about Blue Beard, and was terribly uneasy about goin' before me," he continued.

"Any flowers for the grave of your second wife?"

"She was a strong-minded woman, talked about woman's sphere and all that. Hated flowers bad. Why, she killed my first wife's canary, sold the second-hand organ I'd bought and wouldn't have a flower around her."

"Why are you going to put flowers on her grave now?"

"Not for love. Not much. I never could call my soul my own when she lived. I had to consult her about what parts I should put on every mornin'."

"Still you will decorate her grave?"

"I do it for spite. When she lived I didn't spite her. Oh, no. When I put these flowers on her grave I know it'll make her turn in her grave with anger. Not for love, just for spite." The man tucked up his box under his arm and got out.

The conductor came in and hung to the strap a, he said: "I suppose that fellow that got out was doing some more of his lyin'. I seen him talkin' to you. He's the biggest liar on Long Island. He's a sort of bum that works for a nursery man down here. Although he's rode on this car a hundred times, he always stufts the passengers with different partialities."

"He told me he has three wives buried."

"Three grandmothers. The fellow never had but one wife, and she left him long ago. Them flowers belong to his boss, the nursery man."

"How he could slander women as he did," ejaculated the thin lady passenger as she wiped the dust from her brow with a black-bordered silk handkerchief.

GULL AND PELICAN.

HOW THE PONDEROUS, CLUMSY PELICAN ENTERTAINS ITS MORE ENTERPRISING NEIGHBOR.

John F. Coryell in Scientific American.

The pelican is a ponderous, clumsy bird, with a body as large as a swan's, but with enormous wings which enable it to fly with ease and power and almost with grace. The head, which is almost all bill, is not pretty, but, what is better, it is eminently useful, for it combines fish spear and lunch basket in one. The upper part of the bill terminates in a hook which is fatal to a fish, and the lower part is hinged with an elastic pouch, into which the captured prey are deposited until desired for eating.

As he has large webbed feet and swims well, it catches a great many fish just as the ducks do; but it also has a very picturesque way of capturing its finny prey. It sails majestically over the water at a considerable height above it, glancing sharply about for victims in the transparent element below, until, catching a glimpse of one favorably disposed for capture, it launches itself straight downward, and with bill projecting and wings folded cleaves the air like a bolt, transfixing the fish, and by the impetus of its fall disappearing under the water, to return to the surface, however, with all the buoyancy of a cork, and with the quarry comfortably tucked away for future reference.

Having labored earnestly in this way until its pouch is full, the pelican seeks a long low ledge of rocks, and there in company with his fellows takes up his

position in solemn earnestness to enjoy the fruits of his toil. A skillful toss of the head shoots a fish from the reservoir into the throat, and a gulp sends it on its way into the stomach. A little time for the pleasurable sensation of digestion, and again the head is tossed. And so the game is played with regularity by the whole grotesque line.

The long heads are sometimes turned about and rested on the shoulders pointing backward, or more frequently are held pointing vertically downward. Although a large and clumsy creature the pelican is not necessarily stupid; but by dint of frequent tossing of the well-laden pouch it becomes at once gorged and dull, and then is the golden opportunity of the gull.

He impudently alights upon the very head of his victim, and waits patiently until the pelican receives warning from within that another fish is wanted. Up goes the bill, open gapes the awful mouth, out shoots a doomed fish—not into the ready throat, however, but into the waiting bill of the gull, which has adroitly twisted its head so that it can see all that is exposed of the pelican's internal economy, and has snatched the morsel and flown with a wild scream of laughter to eat it at its leisure, if indeed a gull ever had such a state of being.

The pelican is almost too stupid to know that it has been robbed, but the gull gives every evidence of enjoying the trick very little less than the booty, for its farewell shriek sounds derisive enough for the evil one himself.

AN ALL-ABSORBING METROPOLIS.

New York Tribune.

The discussion in The Tribune of the union of New York and Brooklyn as one great city recalled to an old citizen, who has made the topography of New York a special study, the fact that New York in its monstrously rapid development had already swallowed up and absorbed a score or more of villages. They were so numerous he could not recall them all. Greenwich, Bloomingdale, Yorkville, Harlem, and other villages on Manhattan island which are now merely sectional parts of the metropolis were once incorporated villages or towns under these names. The act incorporating a part of Westchester county added a dozen or more villages at one time. Brooklyn, too, now embraces several towns which once separately existed, as Williamsburg, Greenpoint, Bedford, South Brooklyn or Gowanus, and eventually its authority will be extended to many others of the suburban towns, such as Flatbush, New Lots, New Utrecht, Bath, East New York, etc. But many of these places retain a sort of sectional if not separate existence, as, for instance, Harlem and Yorkville in New York, and Williamsburg, Greenpoint, and South Brooklyn in Brooklyn. As far as their corporate existence is concerned they belong to the two cities, but in matters of trade, society, and, above all, local pride, they have a distinct life and separate interests. Some of them, as Harlem, Williamsburg and South Brooklyn maintain strictly local papers of their own, which are devoted almost exclusively to the local news and interests of their particular sections.

A NICE PLACE FOR A PICNIC.

Charlotte Observer.

The owners of the private fish ponds about the city have been annoyed so much lately by depredators that they have planted dynamite cartridges along the banks of the ponds. A string drawn across the grass connects with the cartridge, and whenever a foot strikes the string the cartridge explodes. Last Saturday evening there was a colored picnic near Phifer's pond, and during the evening a crowd of the colored people went to the pond to fish, sit about and eat, and eat their lunch. They assembled on the bank in close proximity to one of the cartridges, and in the course of a few minutes, while they were chatting away in blissful ignorance of what was to come, one of the party struck his foot against the string. Instantly there was a deafening report, and the air was filled with flying dirt, weeds, grass, hats, shawls, paroiss, provision and lunch baskets, and the terrified picnickers stampeded for the woods. The cartridge was planted about fifty feet from the party, and none of them were hurt, but they could not have been worse scared. The bank was covered with abandoned hats, shawls, and lunch baskets, and a hole ten feet square was in the ground at the spot where the cartridge exploded.

BLUE GRASS BEAUTIES.

A Kentucky scribbler gushes as follows about the beauties of his state: "When the bona dea out of her bounteousness makes a Blue Grass woman, she takes care never to fail. A soft, white, warm body, translucent with divine light, and curving to the lines of beauty as naturally as the tendrils of a vine, is the groundwork upon which nature limns the human angel. Eyes softly bright, but luminously intense; cheeks like the damask rose, with buttercups of dimples, in whose honeyed heart sly Puck or Oberon might sleep; lips like ox heart cherries at the center, but flexible as a smoke wreath, and fading away into the soft cheek like the heart's blood of a strawberry into the lucious cream; a chin fairly fashioned as the golden apple that blushing Paris gave to Venus, who trembled with delight at taking it; the brow of Juno and the bust of Hebe; the sea nymph's springy step—these are a few of the charms that nature gives the maidens of the Blue Grass."

SUCCESSFUL BOOK AGENTS.

MEN WHO MAKE \$10,000 AND MORE A YEAR BY MEANS OF THEIR PLEASING ADDRESS.

"I have been told that there is a book canvasser who has earned \$25,000 a year. Is that so?" a Sun reporter said to Mr. George Washington Davis, who is in charge of the canvassing department of D. Appleton & Co.

"You may judge for yourself," said Mr. Davis, pulling out a memorandum book. "This firm has paid \$20,000 to Mr. Samuel Collins since September last for his personal services in canvassing for one book, 'Artistic Houses.'"

"Is not that an exceptional amount?"

"That is a large sum, but Mr. Collins has been a book canvasser for fifteen years, and has made handsome income. He began at \$10 a week. The book sells for \$300 the set. One of our agents made \$2,000 in one month selling Appleton's Cyclopaedia. Such men think it a poor week when they do not earn \$100. One of our canvassers, named Rust, earned \$1,248 in ten weeks selling the 'Art Journal.' Another earned \$750 in a month selling 'The Gallery of British Art.' I could give you the name of a woman who has earned \$750 in one week selling our books. There is Mr. Fowke, who has been forty years a book canvasser. I should say he averages \$10,000

THE DAILY BULLETIN.

THURSDAY EVE., AUGUST 23, 1883.



OUR AGENTS.—The following persons are the authorized agents for the DAILY BULLETIN at the places named. Contracts for subscription or advertising may be made with them:

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7,464

The above number represents the circulation, each week, of the DAILY and WEEKLY BULLETIN. Advertisers are invited to call and assure themselves of the truth of the statement, and they are requested to bear in mind that our rates for advertising are the lowest.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Judge of the Court of Appeals.
We are authorized to announce Hon. RICHARD REID as a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals to succeed Judge Thos. F. Hargis in the First Appellate district of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that Judge ROBERT RIDDELL, of Estill county, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the First Appellate District of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

CAPT. T. D. MARCUS, editor of the Catlettsburg Democrat, is a candidate for Assistant Clerk of the House.

THE Charleston, S. C., News and Courier reports great injury to the cotton by drought, and greater injury threatening the upland crop.

"This and That," of the Courier-Journal, is taking a leading hand in developing Kentucky poetry. He has lately made "Memphis airy" rhyme with "heir-editary," which shows what true genius can do when it buckles down to solid work.

WILLIAM W. HOLDEN, ex-Governor of North Carolina, publishes a card announcing his withdrawal from the Republican party, and saying that he is not a member of the liberal party. This apparently leaves him nowhere if not with the Democracy.

The Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts will meet at Springfield on September 25. The State Committee has chosen Charles Levi Woodbury to be chairman of the committee on Resolutions and Chas. P. Thompson, of Gloucester, to preside over the convention.

INVITATIONS to attend the inauguration of Governor-elect Knott will be sent to the President and his Cabinet, the Governors of all the States, to many representative men in each political party, and members of Congress, the Legislature, Mayors of cities, etc. The number of invitations sent out will exceed 1,000.

THE Mother Hubbard dress is all right in its place, but that place being on a four-year-old child. But donned by persons much above that age it looks very much like a night gown. Bracken Bulletin.

That's no objection—on the contrary it is the secret of its present popularity in this city. The next thing now is to adorn the manly forms of our fashionable youth with male Mother Hubbard costumes and the mission of that picturesque dress will be completed.

Another Nuisance.

Ed. Bulletin: In your onslaught upon the hog, you have overlooked a more pestiferous nuisance, and one that benefits nobody; and that is the "game rooster." I don't know how it is with you, but in our neighborhood they seem to be the pet bird of the family. If you want to be a benefactor to your race, please let the poor hog rest in its wallow awhile, and turn your attention to the aforesaid pest, and should you succeed in drawing the attention of the City Council to the matter, and have them banish the rooster with the hog to the country where it was intended they should live, you will deserve to get rich by the "BULLETIN" and have that sheet perpetuated, until it will be like a piece of lost manuscript. I read of a short time since made invaluable by its antiquity. Put yourself in my place, wooing morpheus for that sweetest of all luxuries, a morning nap, have one of these pests mount a goods box or the roof of a neighboring coal shed, and in clarion notes keeps up a perpetual motion for three solid hours, and all the commiseration in your composition will be stirred to its depths in sympathy for poor "Peter when he denied his Master," for me-thinks the rooster had something to do with it.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Electric Light Display.

Courier-Journal.

Perhaps no display in the exposition building attracted more notice last night than did that of the United States Electric Light Company. On the north side of the building, near the entrance to the Park, the company has an exhibit that is a marvel of beauty. It is no less than the representation of a mountain side, over which and from which a cascade of sparkling water falls. The representation is in a small space, but is strikingly realistic and pretty. A stand, surrounded by trees and flowers and covered with stones and moss, has been erected high in the air. Underneath this is a large tank of water, and from this an iron pipe runs up through to the top of the mountain and conveys the water which runs from the mountain side, making a beautiful cascade. Of course there is a motion somewhere to keep the water running, and it is found in a little Weston dynamo just at the rear of the display. The dynamo is run by a large Harris-Corliss engine that is situated away across the large building and the dynamo furnishes the power that runs a rotary pump in the tank and forces the water out over the mountain and down its side. Then, to make the effect more startling and brilliant, the company had the scene brilliantly illuminated and lighted by their incandescent lights. Over the display hung a beautiful chandelier with thirty-two lights of twenty-five candle-power each. Over each light was a handsome shade, and no two of them were alike, presenting a pleasing and happy combination of colors.

Again, near the center of the building the company have another display that is lighted by their soft, but brilliant incandescent light, which, unlike most other electric lights, is not at all hurtful to the eye. Here was another brilliant chandelier, with many colored shades, whose lights out shone all those about and around. Not far away from this the company has its plant of eight dynamos, which furnish electricity to all the company's lights in the building save the large one at the Fourth street entrance that shines so bright and attracts so much attention from every one. This is a run by Maxim dynamo. This light is the 8,000 candlepower and is by far the most intense light in the city and can be seen farther than any other. It is claimed that the United States Company's light is superior to any of the electric lights, and the display last night certainly did not suffer by comparison with the other lights.

The company has \$25,000 worth of machinery at the Exposition, and the management says it can, with twenty-four hour's notice, furnish more light than is in the whole building.

Strayed Away.

Detroit Free Press.

The young man with two watchchains across his vest boarded a Woodward avenue car at eleven o'clock yesterday afternoon. Among the passengers was an old woman who had been inquiring about taking the Bay City train at the crossing. She looked across at the young man with great interest for a minute or two, and then said:

"Your time must be very valuable, young man."

He bowed and mumbled something which she could not catch, and leaning forward, she asked:

"I suppose one of them watches is for when you go down, and the other for when you come up, eh?"

He shifted around to look out of the window, and seemed somewhat vexed at his want of courtesy, she continued:

"Seems to me it would be cheaper to hitch an eight-day clock to your shirt bosom."

He didn't reply to that, either, and tapping him on the knee with the handle of the umbrella, she inquired:

"Young man, I want to catch the Bay City train."

"Yes'm."

"What time is it by all your watch-chains?"

"I—I—about eleven!" he stammered. "You didn't look. Come, now, here's an old bull's eye that's been in the family forty-eight years and never had an inch of brass chain hitched to it. I'll bet it shows the right time nearer than anything you've got."

She hauled out a watch almost as large as a saucer, and rattled it around and waved it about, and as he slid along the seat towards the door, she continued:

"I'd let them chains run down and hitch to your boot-straps! Any young man as will go and toggle himself all up and criss-cross his vest with chains and spangles must have got strayed away from some twenty-five-cent store, and wants to be identified and returned. Have you got baked taters hitched to the pocket ends? Say—"

But he dropped off and fell down and got up and got away before she could further abuse him.

A Tennessee exchange says the following placard can be seen in a store in Paris in that State:

Peppered Hare for
Headache
Bellies "
Tooth "

RETAIL MARKET.

Corrected daily by G. W. GEISEL, grocer, Second street, Maysville, Ky.

Lime-stone.....\$ 7.00
Maysville Family.....6.25
Old Gold.....7.00
Mason County.....6.25
Kentucky Mills.....6.00
Magnolia, new.....5.75
Sugar, granulated # 5.....10%
" A. # 5.....10%
" yellow # 5.....8@9
Comb Honey.....15
Strained Honey.....12@15
Hams, sugar cured # 5.....16
Bacon, breakfast # 5.....16
Honey # 5 gallon.....15
Beefs # 5 gallon.....4
Potatoes # 5 peck, new.....15
Coffee.....12@15

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by CHENOWETH & CO.

JOHN B. POYNTZ, JR., INSURANCE AGENT.

Oldest and best Companies. Insures for full value. Low rates. Losses promptly paid. No discounts. No delays. Office corner Third and Market streets.

A SUBSCRIBER.

BUSINESS HOUSES.

The following are among the leading Business Establishments of Maysville. Customers will find these houses reliable and occupying a commanding position in their respective lines.

A. G. BROWNING, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence south-east corner of Third and Sutton streets. Will give special attention to diseases peculiar to females. Maysville.

A. FINCH & CO.

DEALERS IN—

GRAIN, FLOUR and HEMP.

Cor. Third and Sutton Streets, mch30ly Maysville, Ky.

A. M. ROGERS,

DEALER IN—

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps.

41 E. See St., mch30ly Maysville, Ky.

A. SORRIES & SON,

LOCKSMITHS and BELL-HANGERS.

Are prepared to put up Electric House Bells which are not exposed in the room like the old style. Prices low. Call and see samples. Second Street, my14 Maysville, Ky.

A. BONAN'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Custom work a specialty. Large stock. All kinds at lowest prices. No. 47, Market street, two doors below D. A. Richardson & Co.'s grocery, aidwly Maysville, Ky.

BURGESS & NOLIN,

Dealers in Staple and Fancy—

DRY GOODS.

No. 3 Enterprise Block, Second Street, apldly Maysville, Ky.

C. AMMON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Second street, next door to Dr. Martin's Maysville, Ky.

C. ROBERT DAWSON & CO.

Dealers in—

CIGARS and CONFECTIONERY.

ICE CREAM A SPECIALTY.

FRESH ROLLS AND CAKES EVERY DAY. Second Street, near Court house, my10ly Maysville, Ky.

C. S. MINER & BRO.

Dealers in—

Boots, Shoes, Leather

And FINDINGS,

No. 1, Second, cor. Sutton streets, mch30ly Maysville, Ky.

D. T. H. N. SMITH,

DENTIST.

Will devote his whole time to the preservation of the natural teeth. Dr. C. W. Wardell will take charge of all the mechanical work, such as gold, silver, continuous gum, celluloid and rubber plates.

E. GNEW & ALLEN,

STOVES, GRATES, TINWARE,

mantels, etc. Sole agents for the celebrated Omaha and Leavenworth stoves. Roofing and guttering promptly and satisfactorily done. Corner of Market and Third streets, A. R. Glasscock's old stand.

F. FRANK DEVINE,

Manufacturer of—

CIGARS.

Proprietor of the celebrated brands: Hold the Fort, Parlor Queen and Mother Hubbard. Best cigars in the market. Full variety of smokers' articles.

G. H. TRAXEL,

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER.

Ice cream parlors open for the season. Absolutely pure candies. Fresh bread of all kinds. Furnishing weddings and parties a specialty. Prices low.

G. M. WILLIAMS,

Contractor and Builder.

Plans and Specifications furnished and all work promptly and satisfactorily done. Shop on second street, opposite High school, apldly Maysville, Ky.

G. GEORGE H. HEISER,

Dealer in—

GROCERIES.

Pineapple Hams. Home-made Yeast Cakes.

may30ly SECOND STREET.

G. S. JUDD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Real Estate and Collecting Agency.

Court St., (apl2dly) Maysville, Ky.

GEO. COX & SON,

Dealers in Staple and Fancy—

DRY GOODS,

SECOND STREET.

H. OLT RICHESON,

Dealer in Staple and Fancy—

GROCERIES,

has REMOVED from his old stand to the building on Second street lately occupied by Charles H. Frank.

H. HUNT & DOYLE,

Every new shade in—

DRESS GOODS,

Crushed Strawberry, Electric Blue, Egyptian etc., and new Trimmings to match.

Second St., mch30ly Maysville, Ky.

FRESH GEORGIA

THE DAILY BULLETIN.

THURSDAY EVE., AUGUST 23, 1883.

ROSSER & McCARTHY,
Publishers and Proprietors,
To WHOM ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS

TO-DAY'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. W. SPARKS & CO.—Unlaundried shirts.
Same—Moccato, etc.
Joseph Hesler Post—Camp Fire.
T. A. Cook—Shingles.
J. F. Brodrick—Insurance notice.



You will find through human nature,
Though you take it root and branch,
The hand that spans the baby
Is the hand that rules the ranche.
Not the slightest chance of kicking,
Not the slightest use for talk;
When the order comes to travel,
Just you walk a line of chalk.

Now ladies and gentlemen what do you say to a free park at the terminus of the street railway?

MESSRS. BIERBOWER & CO. have sold this season something over two hundred gross of glass fruit jars. During the past week the firm disposed of thirty-two cooking stoves.

MR. FRANK R. PHISTER, who has been enterprise enough to offer to supply the public with six street car tickets for twenty-five cents, has sold seventy-five dollar's worth in less than a week.

THE stone foundation of the new tobacco warehouse on Front street is the work of Mr. J. F. Moran, and is one of the best in the city. Five hundred perchers of stone were used in its construction.

MRS. MAGGIE ARCHDEACON is receiving every day the latest and most desirable millinery goods for the fall trade. The ladies are invited to call and see the stock now on hand. Her prices are very low.

J. W. SPARKS & CO. are offering what is guaranteed to be the best fifty cent unlaundried shirt in the city. Unlike other cheap shirts it is well made, of good material and is warranted to wear and give satisfaction.

On next Wednesday night, August 29th, A. H. Ranson, of Covington, Grand Lecturer and Instructor of the I. O. O. F. of the State of Kentucky, will visit Ringgold Lodge No. 27, of this city. All the members are earnestly requested to be present, and a cordial invitation is extended to all the Odd Fellows of the city, and to all lodges of our neighboring towns.

A SERVICEABLE suit of boy's clothing, of good material and well made may be had at Hechinger Bros. & Co.'s for three dollars, while suits of the best quality of goods, made in superior style, and of fashionable cut, may be had for from seven to twelve dollars. The prices named are rare bargains. We are able to make that statement after a personal inspection of these goods.

THE fire alarm yesterday afternoon was caused by one of the spindles at the cotton mills igniting from friction. The fire spread to some loose cotton, and Miss Lizzie Cullen, who was working near the machine, fainted in the midst of the flames, but was saved by her fellow workmen before she received any injury. There was no damage done to the machinery or any part of the mill.

THE following notice of the death of Wm. Criswell, a tenant on a farm at Carrollton, Mo., belonging to Col. Richard Dawson, is from the Cincinnati Enquirer of the 19th inst. The deceased has relatives in Brown county, Ohio:

Yesterday Wm. Criswell, who lives on the Dick Dawson farm, in the bottom, was plowing corn all day. At sundown he came into the house and proceeded to the stable to put away his mules. He had unharnessed one and was removing the harness from the other, when one of the mules kicked him in the breast, resulting in his death in about thirty minutes afterward. The stable is located about fifty yards from the house, and Mrs. Criswell says she heard the blow distinctly. She at once started to the house, and met him coming to the house, to which he succeeded in walking alone, but lived only a few minutes after reaching his bed.

FOR the new telephone line which promises to be of such benefit to the business interests of Maysville, the public is indebted mainly to Col. Frank S. Owens and Mr. Henry C. Barkley, who have actively interested themselves in the enterprise for several months past, and the fact that their names are connected with it, is assurance that it is what it purports to be—a public convenience for the benefit of this city. There is no el'que, or ring, or any special interest to subserve beyond supplying the people with an easy and economical method of communication with the towns in the interior part of the State. That it will be an important addition to our business facilities can not be doubted. It is an enterprise that ought, by all means, to be encouraged. Maysville will probably own a majority of the stock, and the affairs of the company will therefore be managed by a board of directors chosen from our own citizens, and that it will be managed profitably is an assured fact.

For the BULLETIN.

SUMMER ROSES.

BY MINNIE GILMORE.

She leans her cheek upon her hand, a being young and fair,
While the fragrant summer breezes toy with her golden hair.
The languid eyes bent on the ground, the blush upon her cheek,
All tell the olden story, tho' the lips refuse to speak.
The warm June air is heavy with the incense of the flowers,
Whose petals fall around her in rich and rosy showers.
As 'neath the clinging, trellised vines, she sits and dreams away
The precious, sunny hours, as if life were but a day.
In her hands are dewy rosebuds, tied with a ribbon blue,
In her lap lie roses pink and white—there, I have drawn for you
Her picture, as I saw her on a morning long ago,
When earth and air and sky, were with beauty all aglow.

That was the last June morning, that, with her maiden hands,
She pulled the garden flowers, for some love's silken bands,
In tender letters bound her—and girlhood's days were o'er;
But that smiling lady yonder is the maiden fair of yore.

You smile—you "would not know her by the picture" I have drawn?
Would you guess the mid-day splendor by the cool and dewy dawn?

Would you know the mystery that sleeps in the bosom of the rose,
By the fragile bud that's swaying with every wind that blows?
They tell me woman keeps, always, in her heart of hearts,
Some mystery sweet and deep, from which she never parts,
As the last drop in the roses cup, which common eyes ne'er see,
Is the sweetest in the chalice, to the nectar-hunting bee.

"A joy forever," was not sung of puny buds of spring,
Pale children of the green-wood, with tear-drops glistening,
That with the breath of summer yield their beauty or their life,
But the enduring charms that crown such women as my wife.

Maysville, August, 1883.

Telephone Line.

Mr. J. S. Huff, of Carlisle, has been in Maysville for several days securing the stock necessary to establish a telephone line from this city to Carlisle and by branch lines to Mt. Olivet, Helena and intermediate points. He has obtained nearly all the stock he desires in Maysville and expects at an early day to go to work actively constructing the line. The following business men of this city have taken stock in the enterprise: H. C. Barkley, F. S. Owens, Omar Dodson, John N. Thomas, T. J. Chenoweth, H. January, Collins, Rudy & Co., J. H. Hall & Co., W. W. Holton, J. C. Owens & Co., J. M. Frazee, J. L. Browning, J. James Wood, Hechinger Bros. & Co., N. Cooper, S. S. Riley, J. H. Dodson, Thomas Wells, James & Carr, A. Finch, Pearce Bos., J. Barbour, Fred. Otto, Harry S. Wood, Rosser & McCarthy.

Military Election.

The following order, which explains itself, has been received by Capt. E. W. Fitzgerald, of the Emmet Rifles. The members of the company are notified to meet at the time named:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND REGIMENT, K. S. G., August 20th, 1883.]

[Special Order No. 18.] The several companies composing the First Battalion K. S. G. will, on the 25th day of August, assemble at their respective armories and proceed to the election, by ballot, of a Major for said Battalion. The election will be held as provided by law for the election of company officers, and complete returns the next day.

By order JNO. R. ALLEN,
Col. Com'g Second Regiment K. S. G.

Fire at Fox Springs.

The hotel at Fox Springs was totally destroyed by fire on the night of the 21st instant, of the inmates barely escaping with their lives. The origin of the fire is, at this time, unknown. The building was insured in one of the companies of which Dr. John T. Fleming, of this town, is the agent, for \$1,000.

L. O. O. F. Notice.

Col. A. H. Ransom, Grand I. O. O. F. lecturer of Kentucky, will visit DeKalb Lodge No. 12, this city, next Tuesday evening, August 28th. Let there be a full attendance of all members. Ringgold Lodge, No. 27, is cordially invited. Jno. W. Thompson, Sec'y.

Bulger's Confession.

This book is now in the hands of the printer, and will be completed on time. As only a limited number will be printed, parties desiring one or more copies should send their orders at once. Price ten cents per copy. Address R. C. McNeely, Maysville, Ky.

A STONE lately placed in the wall in front of Mr. A. A. Wadsworth's residence on the hillside is ten feet in length, eight feet wide, nineteen inches thick and weighs thirteen thousand pounds. It was taken from the quarry of Hon. W. H. Wadsworth.

PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam M. Hall have returned from Owingsville.

Miss Minnie Levi is visiting Miss Katie Simons, of Market street.

Mrs. Nannie Ireland, of Dayton, O., is visiting her friends at Aberdeen.

Miss Anna Stockton, who has been absent from the city for some time past, is at home again.

Mr. Wilson V. Loughridge, of Louisville, was in Maysville yesterday, on his return from the Blue Lick Springs.

Mr. B. A. Wallingford has returned from a visit to Frankfort. Mr. R. P. Pepper, of that city, accompanied him home.

Hon. J. D. Kehoe and wife, after a pleasant visit of several weeks to friends at Kenton and Belfontaine, Ohio, returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Thomas Dickson is very ill at the residence of Mr. W. H. Wallingford in East Maysville, and her death is momentarily expected. She has been a sufferer from an incurable disease for several years.

CITY ITEMS.

Advertisements inserted under this heading 10¢ per line for each insertion.

TRY Langdon's City Butter Crackers.

MARBLE BEAUTIES are not colored.

MARBLE BEAUTIES are not flavored.

SMOKE Marble Beauties, for sale by Geo. T. Wood.

MOSQUITO bars ready-made and made to order at Hunt & Doyle's.

LADIES' and children's Jerseys, all colors and sizes, at Hunt & Doyle's.

DARK ground lawns, yard wide, worth 12¢ per yard, for 5¢, at Hunt & Doyle's.

SEE Hunt & Doyle's \$1.35 heavy black silk for \$1.10 a yard, the best goods you ever bought for the money.

Wall Paper

Received at Morrison & Kackley's to-day. A large and attractive line for the fall trade at greatly reduced prices. Call and see them.

MEN'S and boys' canvas button and front lace shoes, cheap. Misses side lace, 75 cents. Ladies opera slippers, \$1. Men's sewed calf bats and congress gaiters. London toe, \$1.60, and a large stock of boots and shoes at prices to suit any one. Call and investigate at augd1ft C. S. MINER & BRO'S.

OF INTEREST TO YOU.—Take the yellow line cars to Morrison & Kackley's photographic gallery, and get pictures of your little ones by the new and wonderful instantaneous process. To every purchaser to the amount of one dollar a street car ticket will be presented.

YOUNG, old, and middle-aged, all experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald-head, or with any seroful or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

DON'T fill the system with quinine in the effort to prevent or cure fever and ague. Ayer's Ague cure is a far more potent preventive and remedy, with the advantage of leaving in the body no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache and other disorders. The proprietors warrant it.

CAMP FIRE.—Joseph Heiser Post, No. 13, G. A. R., will have a Camp Fire on Saturday night, August 29, 1883, in Chester. In addition to the Camp Fire there will be erected a large platform for dancing. Prof. Venie's String Band is engaged and will be there. Good order will be maintained, and everybody is invited to attend. A sutler's tent filled with choice refreshments will be one of the features of the occasion. A good time is promised all who may come.

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